

## East Oregonian

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.....  
 If you and I—just you and I—  
 Should laugh instead of  
 worry;  
 If we should grow—just you  
 and I—  
 Kinder and sweeter-hearted;  
 Perhaps in some near by and  
 by  
 A good time might get  
 started,  
 Then, what a happy world  
 'twould be  
 For you and me—for you  
 and me!  
 Speak gently, 'tis a little thing  
 Drop'd in the heart's deep  
 well;  
 The good, the joy, that it may  
 bring.  
 Eternity shall tell.  
 —Pittsburg Press.

### SLAUGHTER IN GREAT BATTLES.

Considerable comment has been occasioned by the enormity of the slaughter in the battles between the Japanese and Russians. Liao Yang was the scene of a most harrowing slaughter, and yet the Newark, N. J., Advertiser says:

"It turns out that the battle of Liao Yang, between the Russian and Japanese forces, was not the bloodiest in military history." In eight previous great battles, three of them during our civil war, the percentage of loss was much greater. A list of these principal battles is worthy of study:

Battles.	Troops.	Casualties.
Gettysburg .....	151,000	54,807
Hohenheim .....	103,000	42,000
Leipsic .....	450,000	121,000
Plevna .....	225,000	70,000
Waterloo .....	185,000	52,000
Wilderness .....	185,000	49,127
Chancellorsville .....	132,000	28,311
Gravelotte .....	350,000	25,000
Liao Yang .....	325,000	24,500
Rosbach .....	82,000	7,700

The Advertiser article concludes as follows:

"It will be seen that while at Gettysburg less than half the number of troops were engaged than took part in the battle of Liao Yang, the casualties were 20,000 more. In the Wilderness they were 15,000 more. When the battles of Gettysburg and the Wilderness were fought the weapons used were greatly inferior to those of the present day.

"The troops on either side used the muzzle-loading musket, most of the cannon were smooth-bore and of limited power and range, while the tremendous explosives used at Liao Yang were unknown. If the union and confederate armies at Gettysburg had been provided with the weapons used by the Russians and Japanese in the present war, the three days' fighting would have nearly destroyed both armies."

### UMATILLA COUNTY ABROAD.

During the past week the East Oregonian has been mailed to friends in five different parts of the world, where perhaps the message of Umatilla county was never told before through any other agency.

Copies of the paper have been sent to Dunedin, New Zealand, Annan, Scotland; Niu Chwang, China; Panama, Central America, and St. Johns, New Foundland.

Five remote corners of the world have thus read the story of Umatilla county, through this medium, and in every quarter it has been a welcome visitor.

That is the kind of advertising that pays the country.

Where one friend is found to read the story to his wondering relatives, in a foreign land, it means a little circle of fast friends for the country.

The East Oregonian is glad to carry the message abroad. It is glad to be the messenger of the enchanting story of the West. There is a conscious pride in this service that repays for all of the cost and the delay of the rewards in the business.

One of the most prosperous cattlemen in Umatilla county who was a German sailor at one time, boasts that he learned the English language by studying its rudiments in the East Oregonian, while he was herding

sheep in the Camas Prairie country, 20 years ago.

The language he learned and the advice he followed, when he came to America and engaged in the stock industry, has made him an independent citizen, financially able to buy a whole borough of his kindred in Germany.

That is the kind of citizenship needed.

It is the kind that civilizes and evolves.

If, through the homely story told in the daily paper, other breasts may be stirred to a realization of the opportunity of this great western empire, part of the mission of the East Oregonian will have been fulfilled.

If to New Zealand, Scotland or Canada, worthy, moral, able-bodied citizens may be inspired to come to America, a service will have been performed for the country. True, there is a class that is not wanted—that cannot come.

But there is a vastly more numerous class that is needed and that will come on the proper representation, and to this class, through its friends now visiting in their foreign homes, the message of Umatilla county will appeal.

Let them come and be welcome. There is room for intelligence, industry, good citizenship everywhere. Thrift comes with diversity of skill, diversity of inclination, diversity of evolution. Let the message bear fruits.

The East Oregonian will stand sponsor for every intelligent foreigner attracted to Umatilla county by hearing the story told from or by reading it in a Umatilla county paper.

Make room.

"Lynching in the South," by Ray Stannard Baker, in McClure's for January, will do more than many an act of congress to break down the barriers of sectional misunderstanding on the negro problem. Neither academic nor partisan, it is the work of a trained journalist, seeking, not to argue, but to show the causes of the recent outbreaks. Although himself a northerner, he finds that the South has no lessons to learn from the North concerning lynching.

### NEW ZEALAND'S GEYSERS.

Yellowstone park is reputed to have the most magnificent geysers in the world, but their reputation is based upon the statements of travelers who have never been to New Zealand and who know nothing of its natural wonders.

Leaving Auckland by a fast express train a journey of eight hours brings one to Rotorua, where may be seen the most splendid geyser which is possible to be found anywhere in the world. To give some idea of the magnitude of the geyser one need mention only the height of some of the surrounding objects.

Over the "Inferno crater," which contains a seething lake of water, is a small shelter shed 450 feet above the plain. The surface of the water in the geyser basin when at rest is about 40 feet below this plain. The height of the eruption must often be about 500 feet. This is by no means exceptional. Higher "shots" have been recorded.

Some months ago the area of the basin was measured in a small boat by a traveler and a guide. They found that the area is about two and a half acres, from which it may be inferred that this geyser may well be called the largest in the world.

The geyser plays about 22 times a month, is very erratic and gives no warning when it is about to erupt. The theory is advanced that the basin is somewhat like a funnel and that when the water and stones are ejected the larger stones return and jam in the neck, thereby choking the outlet, so that an enormous pressure of steam must shift them. When the pressure is sufficiently great to blow out the obstructions it naturally would eject water to a great height.

This geyser is not the only one to be seen in this vicinity. Others may be mentioned, such as the Pohutu, Wairoa, Feather, Papakura and others besides mud volcanoes.—Chicago Chronicle.

### REVISED WISDOM AGAIN.

The wages of gin is debt. You may lead an ass to knowledge—but you cannot make him think. Actresses will happen in the best regulated families.

Imagination makes cowards of us all.

He that is down need not fear plucking.

Let him that standeth pat take heed lest they call.

The doors of Opportunity are marked "Push" and "Pull."

Nothing succeeds like—failure.

Pleasant company always accepted.

Charity is the sterilized milk of human kindness.

Only the young die good.

What can't be cured must be insured.

He who fights and runs away will live to write about the fray.

Never too old to yearn.

The pension is mightier than the sword.

A fellow-falling makes us wondrous unkind.

Society covers a multitude of sins.

—From New Cynic's Calendar.

It is probable that the Riverside, Cal., County Irrigation display at St. Louis will be transferred and supplemented for the Lewis and Clark exposition.

### DRIFTWOOD.

#### A Fairy Grave.

Let a little grave be made  
 Half in shadow, half in shade.  
 In a quiet kindly place,  
 Friendly as her face.

Let the passing fairy bird  
 From his airy height be heard:  
 Ever, ever, for that ground  
 Only gentle sound.

Let the singing winds, which be  
 Winged dream and melody,  
 Singing softly, by her lie,  
 Softly slugging, die.

Let the bee has sucked the bloom  
 Homeward journey by her tomb,  
 And his little of sweet be paid  
 To her sweeter shade.

Let the low clouds, red and gold,  
 Mourn her on the mountains old;  
 Beauty, aye her guardian be,  
 You and melody.

Spirits of sound and souls of flowers,  
 All you dearest griefless powers,  
 You with whom she went away,  
 Send her night and day.

—John Vance Cheney.

A beginner in newspaper work, who occasionally sent stuff to one of the dailies, picked up last summer what seemed to him a big story. Hurrying to the telegraph office, he queried the telegraph editor: "Column story on so and so; shall I send it?" The reply was brief and prompt, but to the enthusiast, unsatisfactory. "Send 600 words," was all it said. "Can't be told in less than 1200," he wired back. Before long the reply came: "Story of creation of world told in 600. Try it."

Bishop Taylor, of the Methodist church, and a staunch believer in hell fire and brimstone, was once asked if he thought Emerson would go to heaven. The good old man was puzzled, and thought for a long time. "He doesn't seem to have the saving faith," he said at length. "But I can't imagine what the devil would do with Emerson."

Mrs. Disraeli was once explaining some of her distinguished husband's characteristics to an astonished circle at an English country house. Dizzy has the most wonderful moral and political courage, but he has no physical courage. I always have to pull the string of his shower bath.

The following story, explaining Balzac's poverty, is told by the Book-lover. One evening he met a Russian prince whom he invited to dine with him on the following day. Remembering that he had not a proper dinner service he went round to the nearest jeweler and bought one for \$150. On another occasion he wanted to go to Vienna to meet Madame De Hanska, and he did not like post-chaises. What did he do? He bought a carriage for \$500—a sum which he did not possess. He went to Vienna, was admirably received in the most aristocratic salons, and made the acquaintance of Prince Metternich. On his return to Paris he found the gendarmes waiting to take him to prison for debt.

### MY BED.

It is a narrow inn, shall I confess?  
 But amply broad enough for weariness.

No lights flare out a greeting; but  
 what cheer,  
 What flowing sweet tranquility is  
 here!

All silent is the caravansery,  
 And no obsequious landlord welcomes  
 me.

A-weary from the ways of toll and  
 sin,  
 Through one half-open door I stumble  
 in.

Soft on the yielding floor I sink and  
 fall,  
 The only guest in that mysterious  
 hall.

Unseen, unheard, the servants come  
 and go,  
 And weave a weird bewitchment to  
 and fro.

A noiseless butler pours a shadowy  
 wine,  
 And witless, prone upon my back, I  
 dine.

Smooth hands caress me, reached I  
 know not whence,  
 And lay a subtle charm on every  
 sense.

Kind porters come a-tiptoe, grave  
 and gray,  
 And bear my heavy burdens all away.

What passes there I never rightly ken,  
 So strange the place from all the  
 modes of men.

But whether more or little understood,  
 I hereby testify the inn is good.

And if, as gossip rumors all agree,  
 This landlord keeps another hostelry,

Where at the end of my last journey, I  
 A little longer while am like to lie,

I'll know the second inn is kind as  
 this,  
 And greet its narrow doorway with a  
 kiss.

—Amos R. Wells.

The Roseburg Water & Light Co. is suing Roseburg for a lighting bill of \$2745.50, with interest and costs, amounting to \$500 more. The suit originated in an injunction suit brought by a taxpayer on the ground that the city's contract was void because it imposed a debt in excess of the \$5000 debt limit allowed by the city's charter. The city won the first trial in the circuit court and the case now goes to the supreme court on an appeal by the plaintiff.

### IN THE NEST.

Gather them close to your loving  
 heart—  
 Cradle them on your breast:  
 They will soon enough leave your  
 drooping care,  
 Soon enough mount youth's topmost  
 stair—  
 Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts  
 are gay,  
 That their restless feet will run:  
 There may come a time in the bye  
 and bye,  
 When you'll sit in your lonely room  
 and sigh  
 For a sound of childish fun.

When you'll long for a repetition  
 sweet,  
 That sounded through each room,  
 Of "Mother!" "Mother!" the dear love  
 calls  
 That will echo long in the silent halls,  
 And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll  
 long to hear  
 The eager, boyish tread,  
 The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill  
 shout,  
 The busy bustle in and out,  
 And pattering overhead.

When the boys and girls are all grown  
 up  
 And scattered far and wide,  
 Or gone to the undiscovered shore,  
 Where youth and age come never  
 more,  
 You will miss them from your  
 side.

Then gather them close to your loving  
 heart,  
 Cradle them on your breast,  
 They will soon enough leave your  
 brooding care,  
 Soon enough mount youth's topmost  
 stair—  
 Little ones in the nest.

—Denver Post.

The Pacific and Idaho railway, it is  
 declared, will be extended from Cam-  
 bridge to Payette Lakes next spring.

Edna—What made you marry a  
 man with such a homely name?  
 May—You ought to see how beau-  
 tiful it looks when it is signed to a  
 check!—Detroit Free Press.

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 get in their work.

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**breakfast**

1835 R. WALLACE

A dainty spread of the exquisite  
 "1835 R. WALLACE" SILVER PLATE  
 on the snowy linen of the breakfast table makes the  
 morning meal delightful!

Come and see the "Floral" pattern and get  
 free illustrated book, "How to Set the Table,"  
 by Mrs. Rorer.

**H. L. HASBROUCK, Jeweler**

**IT'S HARD WORK**

loosening the "king-pin" log in  
 a lumber jam, but scarcely  
 harder than our efforts to  
 please everybody. Best possible  
 stock, well seasoned and care-  
 fully handled, large assortment  
 of sizes, close buying and equal-  
 close selling and prompt de-  
 liveries help to make our  
 lumber yard popular with lum-  
 ber men. Are you one?

**Pendleton Planing Mills**  
 Robert Forster, Prop.

**The Cigar of Real Merit.**

PENDLETON FOUQUET

**Fall Suits and Overcoats**

Place your order with us and you will be satisfied in every particular. Our suits and overcoats please the most fastidious. We guarantee perfect fit, best wearing qualities and best workmanship. Our goods always have that neat, tidy, well-dressed appearance. Price no higher than lower grade goods sold by others.

**N. JOERGER**  
 126 WEST COURT STREET, CORNER GARDEN.

**The Underwood Typewriter**

The Machine that combines all the good points of the old style machines, and has the writing always in sight.

**T. C. TAYLOR**  
 "THE HARDWARE MAN," 741 MAIN STREET.

**FRAZER THEATRE**  
 K. J. TAYLOR, Manager

ONE NIGHT ONLY  
**SATURDAY, DEC. 31**  
 GOULD AND FREED PRESENT THEIR BIG MELODRAMATIC NOVELTY

**Nettie, The News Girl**  
 A Splendid Company, Headed by  
**MISS WANDA LUDLOW**  
 —AND—  
**MR. LEM B. BARKER**  
 Scenic Investiture Unsurpassed  
 Every Act Carried in its Entirety  
 Seat Sale Friday. Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

**LEGAL BLANKS** Write the East Oregonian for a free catalogue of them. A full supply always kept to stock.